

Mr. Hamilton

THE LANCET.

By Doctor Sangrado, Jun. No. I.

To draw off Fever and arrest Disease.

NEWARK, MAY 3, 1803.

A political fever having made its appearance in various corners of this once happy state, which has baffled the skill of many able and experienced physicians, and which is daily gaining such acquisitions of strength as in the end may be of fatal consequence—I, Doctor Sangrado, Jun. with the very best intentions, and out of pure love to the community at large, having full confidence in the virtue and efficacy of my celebrated restorative "*Bleeding, and Warm Waters,*" in all kind of fevers, but more particularly in this, do offer my best services to all who are affected with the beforementioned virulent complaint. The wonderful effects this restorative has produced, are so generally known, as to need very little recommendation from me; suffice it to say, it has proved a universal renovator in the hands of every Sangrado that has lived, from my famous predecessor, down to Doctor Rush of Philadelphia; and that they have all acquired fame and fortune by its use. This fever being of the infectious kind, it will be absolutely necessary that I ~~use~~ *mediate use* of my "*Lancet*" upon some of the most sickly, to prevent its further propagation—therefore, without further ceremony, I shall proceed to practice.

To the man whose character is established on a solid foundation.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am truly sorry that the peculiar virulence of your case should make you the subject of my first experiment; but as your own, and the public good, demands my interference, I must obey the mandate. As your disorder has already arrived to such a height as to produce *delirium*, it must be my business to bring you back to sober reason, ere I can expect that you will peaceably submit to my operations. For this purpose I shall take up one of your late conversations, and by exposing its errors, endeavour to bring you to a sense of your situation. I shall begin with.

1st. Your acknowledgement that you "bought a carpet at Vendue, and that you sold it at an advanced price to a poor Bookbinder, and that you afterward agreed to take it back again." This to be sure is a very harmless thing, when thus stated; but, my dear sir, it seems you remembered to forget some very material circumstances in this statement. You remembered to forget that you had previously told the person to whom you sold the carpet that he should have it at the very same price you gave for it, and afterward very honestly

charged him nearly twice as much. But you endeavour to prove that you offered to take this carpet back again when Mr. Schimper charged you with your very honest dealing. This, sir, is an excellent excuse—it is quite as good as the answer made by the Schotchman when detected in attempting to rob an orchard. "Where are you ganging, Sawney," said the owner—"Back again," replied Sawney.

You have obtained two certificates from certain boys to prove a conversation with the man who bought the carpet from you, which certificate states, that he *disavows* all knowledge of the crime alledged against you. Now how unfortunate it is, as there were men of respectability present when the conversation published took place, your near neighbors too, that you did not furnish their certificates in preference to a couple of boys who are the less believed the more they are known. But probably they were not willing to furnish only extenuating circumstances, and subscribe their names to a lie, by stating that this was the substance of what was said on the occasion. The author of the second certificate it unfortunately happens is your own apprentice, a very good lad about 18 years old, who has no influence—no, not the least influence—but unluckily it so turns out that this last conversation was also in the presence of one or two other persons, who are ready whenever called upon to attest its falsity. But my dear sir, why did you not save yourself and me, all this unnecessary trouble by applying to Mr. Schimper himself, the man with whom you made the bargain? I can conceive only two reasons. 1st. You feared Mr. Schimper would tell the whole truth. 2d. You wished to shew the world these respectable props to your reputation—three apprentice boys. And indeed your conduct was wise; for Mr. Schimper is at all times ready to substantiate what has been published, and if any thing further is wanting, your own apprentice, Jacob Poinier, can corroborate it.

2d. Next comes the affair about the well. To prove that you did not attempt to cheat Mr. Gardner in the price of the well, which you had employed Mr. Simon Hedden to dig—and that you did not attempt to make Mr. Hedden sign a writing, the more effectually to effect this cheat, and that you did not take the job out of his hands because he would not accede to your baseness—you have got a certificate from the persons whom you afterward employed to dig the well, purporting that "*they never saw any conduct of Samuel Pennington that had a tendency to wrong Mr. Gardner out of one cent.*" Why, sir, did you not go to "Brother Bill" and get his certificate that you are quite as honest as he is? But perhaps the following affidavit will set all matters right.

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Essex County } J.

PERSONALLY appeared before me, Simon Hedden, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-Seven, or Ninety-Eight, Samuel Pennington, at present editor of the "Centinel of Freedom," agreed with this deponent to dig a well, which well it was understood at the time was to be paid for equally by the said Samuel Pennington and Mr. William Gardner, who were neighbors—and this deponent further saith, that the price agreed upon between him and the said Samuel Pennington for digging the said well, was either Fifteen or Sixteen pounds—and this deponent further saith, that the said Samuel Pennington endeavoured to prevail upon him to draw up and sign a writing, the object of which writing was to make it appear that he the said deponent had actually received Twenty pounds for digging said well, by which means Mr. Gardner would have to pay Ten pounds and Samuel Pennington only either five pounds or Six pounds, and thus Mr. Gardner would be cheated out of either Two pounds, or Two pounds Ten shillings—which writing he the said deponent refused to draw up or sign, in consequence of which, to the best of his knowledge, the said Samuel Pennington, took the job from this deponent and gave it to David Hedden, Justus Baldwin, and William Whittemore, who afterward dug said well—and further this deponent saith not.

SIMON HEDDEN.

Sworn before me this 30th
day of April, 1803

JAMES HEDDEN, Justice of the Peace.

This requires no comment.

3d. I am authorised to state that Mr. Gardner *did not say* that what the Editor of the Newark Gazette published about the digging of the well was false, and that he will give no certificate to that effect, which only proves you guilty of a very modest lie. That he was in the end satisfied, and settled as he believes fairly with Samuel Pennington, he will not deny; but this settlement took place *after Pennington attempted to cheat him!* You alledge that you took a watch in payment, by way of palliation. Now it happens that you took the watch at a stated price, in preference to cash, which was at your disposal.

4th. Now, my dear sir, since you have begun this business yourself, you will not blame me for finishing it. As you are so good at remembering things, I wish you would bring several others forward and save me the trouble. A certain man, by the name of Francis Cary, about four or five years ago superintended Col. Ogden's quarry. This man's veracity will not be doubted by any one who knew him; and before he left the town he told the following story to several respectable persons. I leave the public to form their own conclusions concerning it.

"One day when there was no person in the quarry, it being at meal time *when it was usual for the people to be away*, Samuel Pennington went into the quarry and took

"from thence a load of stone without leave or license, and was making off with it, when Mr. Carey very opportunely happened to meet him! Mr. Cary immediately enquired of him where he was going with the stone—to which Pennington, in about two minutes after—turning alternately red and white at almost every second—replied, that the stone laid on one side and he did not know that they were of any use, and if they were he did not know but he might get some person to judge them when he got down town—Aye, said Cary, and I judge your intent was to have taken them off if I had not detected you, and upon this ordered Pennington to take them back again. But after a considerable parly Pennington concluded to pay for them, and it was finally agreed by Cary to pass it over; and Pennington promised to treat him and some of his hands with wine, if he would say nothing about it, which he accordingly did." These are the words as nearly as can be recollected, which Mr. Cary related, and as it is not known that he had any resentment against this immaculate Mr. Pennington, and bearing a good character for veracity himself, it is reasonable to suppose that he did not say it without a cause: Mr. Cary now lives nearly two hundred miles from here, the business must therefore remain as it is unless it becomes necessary to see him. To obtain *correct* information on this subject the Editor of the Newark Gazette took a walk to the quarry, expecting to see some person there who was with Mr. Carey and shared the treat. He there stated the circumstance to the proprietor of the quarry, and observed to him, that he had been directed to Col. Ogden's quarry for information on the subject,—with some other conversation to that effect, and did not speak to any other person relative to the affair—nor did he ~~hear~~ *mean* that Col. Ogden sent him, as this gentleman will testify. From this has arisen the mighty circumstance which this *honest* man has made the subject of a letter to Col. Ogden, to know whether *he sent* for the information; as if this circumstance, if true, would alter the nature of the charge!—By this, my dear sir, you thought to get the load off your own shoulders and turn public attention another way, but the darling project has vanished like the rest of your very able defence. And that galling oath of Mr. Pool you have not failed to mention. After having by dint of a certain influence you at that time possessed, obtained a statement from this man which you made use of to screen yourself, it was to be expected that an *affidavit* which convicted you of BRIBERY, would not set easy on your stomach, and that you would take some method to cavil; but here your *unlucky stars* prevail again, for the method which you state was taken to obtain this persons assent to make the affidavit, is strictly correct—nor has the gentleman you allude to, I feel very confident, ever denied it. And now, to conclude, sir, giving you all due credit, I am satisfied you are as honest as any other man who is no *honest*er than yourself.

For 1st. After Schimper had found out that you had cheated him, you agreed to make all matters right again.

2d. You did not actually cheat Mr. Gardner, because Mr. Simon Hedden was too honest to suffer you to do it.

3d. You did not steal a load of stone, Carey has said, because he detected you, and made you pay for them. And

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now, sir, I must bid you farewell for the present, and grind my lancet, which has become quite dull in your service.

Tut!—what's this? STEPHEN GOULD! "I have entered a prosecution against the editor of the Newark Gazette, when a jury of his country will determine how far he is correct."——This fellow must be blooded or his fever will set him mad—so here goes:

"The editor of the Gazette has declared some horrid crime was committed by another man, and that I was one of his greatest intimates, but leaves it doubtful what the crime was."

Why, my dear sir, if you had but called on Doctor Sangrado he could have told you a very clever story about certain persons and certain *jetty fair ones*, who being shut up together used to "manage their own affairs in their own way unembarrassed by too much regulation, unobserved by the prying eyes of curiosity"—or some such pretty thing which you might have made use of to fill up "your declaration." It's a pity you didn't call.

And now, my dear sir, with respect to those tools that you remembered to forget to send home; and that one you sold which remembered to forget belonged to another man, and the money for which you remembered to put in your own pocket. In your very able defence you say, "When Wallis purchased he immediately sent a messenger for his tools, when I went up stairs into the Bindery and directed Schimper to send all the tools home which did not belong to us. I then left the Bindery and I supposed my directions were complied with." Now it very unfortunately happens that the very innocent affair of selling and disguising the book binder's plough, which you knew at the time was not your own, took place before these tools were sent for! And it further turns out that on being informed that the retained tools were wanted for use, you yourself observed, "Never mind then, we will get new ones made and then send them home." And this you honestly forgot to perform until the owner detected you and demanded their restoration!——When the detained tools were first sent for, it was roundly denied that you had them. When sent for a second time, it was acknowledged that you had them, and that you purposely retained them because their former owner owed you money. And now you say the book binder retained them without your knowledge!—so you go.

"He (Wallis) is indebted for this information to an old drunken book binder." Now, my dear sir, I will give you the exact measure of this man's drunkenness. When Brandy was formerly fifteen pence per pint, you remember you used to call on Mr. Schimper when you wanted to "send out" for three pence, considering this his just proportion. Now as three pence is just the fifth part of fifteen pence, from hence it is evident that he paid for and drank the fifth part as much brandy as Stephen Gould, which incontestibly proves that Mr. Schimper is a drunken man.

And now, my dear sir, as Doctor Sangrado is willing to

do every thing for your future amendment, he offers any facts you may produce in your defence, a place in the "Lancet;" but will by no means debar you the liberty of clearing your darling reputation in a court of justice.——

Yours with esteem,

SANGRADO.

Anecdotes of a Great Man.

In the first outset of life, resolved to be something, he went to study law in Amboy. Here he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every lover of fun, for wherever he appeared there was no want of sport. One day, his master and mistress having been away a considerable time, he received a note, informing him that they would soon be home accompanied by several friends, and requesting him to have the house cleaned, and a good quantity of oysters provided. To work Josey went, and after employing all the maids in the town—labouring up to his elbows in grease, soap-suds, lye and white-wash, for two days—employing all the hands in the neighbourhood to clear the bay of its oysters (fishermen say that oysters have never been plenty since this terrible scraping)—behold the family returned! Struck with astonishment at the piles of oysters, and the visible alteration in the house, they eagerly enquired of Josey what was the matter—who said it was occasioned by a note from them—and upon further enquiry it proved to be an innocent trick of some of Josey's waggish friends, who had a mind to have a little fun with him.

Next come the days of manhood, and his exploits in the wars of Cupid. I shall select one from the number, which will shew his dexterity in the wiles of love. Seated one evening beside a beautiful fair one, and intoxicated with her charms, he laid his hand on her snowy bosom and broke out into rapturous exclamations on its delicate softness. To which the fair one coolly replied, "please to let me have your hand Mr.

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B. and I will put it on a "*softer place*." Fir'd with nameless, blissful expectation, he immediately delivered his yielding hand to her implicit direction—when, O cruel!—*she laid it on his own head!*

But our hero is a memorable instance that the fire of love will not *last forever*. Ambition is a more steady and durable passion: and we find that this in its turn assumes the empire of his breast. Here his labors have been great. He was at various times a candidate for the most dignified offices of the state. To support his claims he furnished certificates of his unadulterated federalism; and even bought himself a name, by a present of a few hundred dollars toward building a church not a hundred miles from Newark. But all would not do; the federalists were as fond of fun as his former Amboy friends, and made him nothing but their *hobby-horse*. Tir'd at length by repeated disappointment, he turned over to that party who alone know how to appreciate *talents and disinterested patriotism*.—Here was the right track! This was the long neglected road to fame! Here *honors* have been heaped so thick upon him as to squeeze all the remaining brains out of his soft head—for he is now enrolled among the demagogues of New-Jersey.

Since the discovery of "Black Sally's" affair, Doctor Sangrado would humbly suggest the propriety styling Stephen Gould the *Jefferson* of Newark—Since the discovery of honest Sammy's integrity, the propriety of styling him the *Aristides* of Newark—and since the discovery of "Brother Bill's" great talents, why he shall be styled the *Solomon* of Newark.

A GOVERNMENTAL CONVERSATION.

When the army had proceeded on their way to dissipate Gallatin's Insurrection, re-

port says, that Gov. M*ll*n and General B***mf***d one day, after laying close siege to the bottle, sallied forth to enjoy the fresh air and cool their noddles—when Gen. B***mf***d thus addressed his *sober* associate "Erh! M*ll*n, you have been Governor of Pennsylvania; but, Erh! I'll soon be Gov. of Mew-Jersey!"—For the remainder Doctor Sangrado must refer the curious to the parties.

There have lately appeared a set of squeamish beings who cannot *bear* the least attack upon character. Formerly when federal characters were so frequently broiled on democratic gridirons, they could snuff up the savoury smell with the greatest satisfaction; but now, forsooth, when some of the immaculate demo's are over the coals—why, it makes them *sick*. To these weakly folks, Doctor Sangrado would recommend a chathartic—to clear foul stomachs and assist digestion.

An old acquaintance having lately seen the "waspish pettifogger," it is reported he thus addressed him, "Why! Bill Pennyless! how comes it that I find you in such black-guard democratic company? Pshaw, said Pennyless, it was time to turn democrat, after the Federalists had kicked me out of their company!"

Doctor Sangrado thinks it more than probable, that Stephen Gould, since the dissolution of the firm, can furnish pretty strong proofs of *honest* Sammy's integrity. He would by no means insinuate that *honest* Sammy had cheated his dear friend. No—no—God forbid the uncharitable idea—but then we all know, "*there's no friendship in trade*."

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